THE GREAT REBELLION.

Chronological Record of Operations from Nov. 5 to 26, 1861.

GUYANDOTTE, W. VA.

Bombardment of Confederate Lines About Pensacola, Fla.

BATTLE OF BELMONT, MO.

Engagement at Ivy Mountain and Occupation of Piketon, Ky.

(Compiled from the Official Records of the War.)

1861.

Nov. 5-6.—The U. S. gunboat Conestoga, Lieut. S. L. Phelps, made a reconnoissance up the Cumberland River, Tenn., within a few miles of Dover, breaking through the sunken boats, placed as obstructions in the river at Ingram's Shoals and Line Island by the Confederates.

Nov. 6.—The schooner Fanny Lee was captured off St. Simon's Island by the U. S. S. St. Lawrence, Capt. H. Y. Purviance.

The U. S. S. Rescue, Lieut. Wm. Gwin, burned a schooner in Corrotoman Creek, Va.; no resistance was met with till the Rescue started to return, when she was fired upon by the Confederates.

Action at Little Santa Fe, Mo. Union troops engaged: Kewald's Battery, Co. B, Fremont Hussars, and a detachment of 5th Kan. Cav. Loss, one killed and 21 missing.

Nov. 7.—Flag Officer Du Pont with his fleet, having been joined by the Susquehanna and Vandalia, engaged Forts Walker and Beauregard and the Confederate fleet in Port Royal Bay, S. C. After a bombardment of about four hours Fort Walker was abandoned, taken possession of by Comdr. Rodgers and turned over to the army at 8 p. m. The Confederate fleet, under Flag Officer Josiah Tatnall, made its escape into Skull Creek. Fort Beauregard was found abandoned on the morning of the 8th. Casualties: Union, eight killed and 23 wounded; Confederate, 11 killed, 48 wounded, three captured, and four missing.

A demonstration was made from Paducah toward Columbus, Ky., by the troops under the command of Brig.-Gen. Charles F. Smith, U. S. Army, in conjunction with the demonstrations of Gen. Grant on the Missouri side of the river.

ENGAGEMENT AT BELMONT, MO.

Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant commanding the Union and Maj.-Gen. Leonidas Polk commanding the Confederate forces. The Union troops engaged consisted of the 22d, 27th, 30th and 31st Ill.; 7th Iowa; B, 1st Ill. Art.; and Capts. Delano's and Dollins's companies of cavalry. The gunboat Tyler, Comdr. H. Walke, and Lexington, Comdr. Stembel, also participated. The Confederates, 2d, 12th, 13th, 15th, 21st, 22d, 154th Tenn.; 13th Ark.; 11th La.; 1st battalion Miss. Cav.; and Smith's and Watson's batteries. Casualties: Union, 120 killed, 383 wounded, and 104 missing. Confederate, 105 killed, 419 wounded, and 117 missing. Gen. Grant, in his order returning thanks to his troops, says: "It has been his fortune to have been in all the battles fought in Mexico by Gens. Scott and Taylor, save Buena Vista, and he never saw one more hotly contested or where troops behaved with more gallantry." Gens. Johnston and Polk congratulated the officers and soldiers engaged "on the glorious victory achieved by them," and the Confederate Congress passed resolutions of thanks to Gens. Polk, Pillow, and Cheatham and the officer and soldiers under their commands.

President Lincoln authorized the Governor of Missouri to raise a force of State Militia to serve during the war. This force was to cooperate with the United States troops in repelling invasion and in suppressing rebellion in the State, but was not to be ordered out of the State except for immediate defense.

Maj.-Gen. D. Hunter repudiated an agreement between and forbid the issue of a joint proclamation, signed by Gens. Fremont and Price, announcing arrangements for the exchange of prisoners; preventing arrests or forcible interference for the mere entertainment or expression of political opinion; insuring that the war should be confined exclusively to the armies in the field, and pledging the immediate disbandment of all armed men acting without their authority or recognition and not legitimately connected with the armies in the field.

Nov. 8.—Capt. Q. A. Gillmore, U. S. Corps of Engineers, with an escort of 900 men of the 7th Conn., made a reconnoissance on Hilton Head Island, S. C., the principal object of which was to locate suitable positions for batteries to control the inland water communications by way of Skull Creek, between Charleston and Savannah.

The U. S. steamers Cambridge and Rescue attempted to break up a Confederate camp and destroy a large magazine at Urbana, Va.

The Union men of East Tennessee destroyed a number of bridges on the East Tennessee & Georgia Railroad and East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad.

A boat expedition under Lieut. Jouett from the U. S. S. Santee captured the Confederate privateer schooner Royal Yacht at Galveston. Not being able to get her out, she was set on fire, and Lieut. Jouett, with prisoners taken, escaped. The schooner was saved by the Confederate steamer Rusk. Union casualties, one killed and eight wounded.

Confederate Commissioners James M. Mason and John Slidell were taken from the British mail steamer Trent by Capt. Charles Wilkes, commanding U. S. S. San Jacinto.

Nov. 8-9.—On the 7th Brig.-Gen. W. Nelson, U. S. Army, despatched Col. Joshua W. Sill, 33d Ohio, with his own regiment, one company each, from the 2d and 59th Ohio, a mounted force under Col. Metcalf, 36 gentlemen volunteers under Col. Apperson, and a section of artillery to march by a circuitous route to Piketon, Ky., in the hope to take that place in the rear and prevent the escape of the Confederates. With his remaining force the 2d, 21st, and 59th Ohio, a battalion of Kentucky volunteers under Col. Marshall and two sections of Konkle's battery, Gen. Nelson advanced on the direct road. At Ivy Creek the head of his column, Col. Marshall's battalion, was ambuscaded, the first discharge killing four and wounding 13. A spirited engagement followed, lasting one hour and 20 minutes, when the Confederates fell back. Casualties: Union, six killed and 24 wounded; Confederates, 10 killed, 15 wounded, and 40 missing. The Confederate forces consisted of about 1,010 men, including sick, teamsters, and men on extra duty, and was commanded by Col. John S. Williams. The force under Col. Sill occupied Piketon about 4 p. m. on the 9th. They engaged the Confederates in a skirmish, losing one killed. The Confederates lost one killed and three wounded. Col. Williams retreated with his command to his camp near Pound Gap.

The following departments were formed from the Departments of the West, Cumberland, and Ohio: The Department of New Mexico—to consist of the Territory of New Mexico—to be commanded by Col. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. Army. The Department of Kansas—to include the State of Kansas, the Indian Territory west of Arkansas, and the Territories of Nebraska, Colorado, and Dakota—to be commanded by Maj.-Gen. Hunter; headquarters at Fort Leavenworth. The Department of the Missouri—to include the States of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, and that portion of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River—to be commanded by Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, U. S. Army. The Department of the Ohio—to consist of the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, that portion of Kentucky east of the Cumberland River, and the State of Tennessee—to be commanded by Brig.-Gen. D. C. Buell; headquarters at Louisville. The Department of Western Virginia—to consist of that portion of Virginia included in the old Department of the Ohio—to be commanded by Brig.-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, U. S. Army.

Col. Charles K. Graham, 74th N. Y., with 400 men of his regiment embarked on the U. S. S. Island Bell and Revenue Cutter Dana, and proceeded to Mathias Point, Va., where a thorough reconnoissance was made of the Point for several miles around. They returned to their camp near Port Tobacco, Md., the same evening, without injury of any kind.

The U. S. S. Seneca, Lieut. Daniel Ammen, accompanied by the Pembina and Curlew, made a reconnoissance up Beaufort River, S. C., as far as the town of Beaufort, which was found deserted by the white inhabitants; the negroes remaining committing excesses and destroying property.

Nov. 10.—The U. S. S. Dawn engaged a Confederate battery of three guns near Boyd's Hole, Potomac River, Va.

Brig.-Gen. H. G. Wright, U. S. Army, accompanied by Capt. Gillmore, of the Engineers, with an escort composed of five companies of the 7th Conn., went from Hilton Head to Braddock's Point, S. C., returning on the following day. They found three 24-pdr. guns, and one 10-inch Columbiad in the batteries, with some balls, grape and canister, scattered on the beach outside the parapet, with indications that the place had been abandoned in great haste.

The 9th W. Va., organizing at Guyandotte, W. Va., were surprised by Confederate cavalry under Col. John N. Clarkson. Adj't J. C. Wheeler, who reported the affair, estimated the loss at 10 or 12 killed and 20 or 30 wounded and 70 captured. The Confederates retreated from the place the next morning, upon the arrival of 200 men of the 5th W. Va. and the Home Guards of Lawrence County, Ohio. The Home Guards set fire to the town, and a large portion of it, in value, was burned.

Skirmish near Bristol between Union men of East Tennessee and the Confederates.

Nov. 10-11.—Detachments of the 2d Ky. and the 11th Ohio engaged in skirmishing at Blake's Farm, Cotton Hill, W. Va. Loss, two killed, one wounded and six missing, all of the 11th Ohio.

Nov. 11.—Engagement of the U. S. S. Thomas Freeborn, Lieut. Samuel Magaw, U. S. N., with a Confederate battery of fieldpieces on the Virginia shore nearly opposite Maryland Point, Potomac River.

A scouting party sent out by Gen. Magruder was fired on near New Market Bridge (near Fort Monroe), Va., and one man of the 3d Va. Cav. wounded.

Col. Danville Leadbetter, Provisional Army, Confederate States, assigned to the command of the troops to be stationed for the protection of the railroads between Bristol and Chattanooga, Tenn.

Maj.-Gen. G. B. Crittenden, Provisional Army, Confederate States, assigned to command of troops at and in vicinity of Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

Companies A, B, and H, 7th Kan. Cav., were engaged in action at Little Blue, Mo., and lost nine killed and 32 wounded.

Nov. 12.—A reconnoissance under the command of Brig.-Gen. S. P. Heintzelman was made to Pohick Church and the Occoquan River, Va. The troops composing the expedition were the 4th Me., 37th N. Y., 46th, 61st, 63d, and 105th Pa., 2d, 3d, and 5th Mich., three companies 1st N. Y. Cav., Batteries E, 1st R. I., and G, 2d Art. Regulars. Casualties, three wounded and three missing—all of 1st N. Y. Cav.

Co. H, 12th, and Co. A, 13th Ohio, engaged in a skirmish on Laurel Creek, W. Va. Loss, one killed and four wounded—one mortally.

President Davis requested Maj.-Gen. Leonidas Polk to postpone his resignation as Major-General in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, tendered on the 6th.

The British steamer Fingal, under Comdr. J. D. Bulloch, Special Agent of the Confederate Navy Department abroad, loaded with a large cargo of military and naval supplies, ran the blockade into Savannah, Ga. The Fingal was afterwards converted into the Confederate ironclad Atlanta.

The U. S. bark W. G. Anderson, Acting Vol. Lieut. W. C. Rogers, captured the C. S. privateer schooner Beauregard, Capt. Gilbert S. Hay.

Nov. 13.—Brig.-Gen. Samuel G. French, C. S. Army, superseded Brig.-Gen. I. R. Trimble in command of the batteries and defenses at Evansport, Va.

Two vedettes of an ambuscading force sent out by Gen. Magruder approached the position of the Georgia Legion, and after a short parley turned and rode off at full speed. Fire was opened upon them without orders, and in the effort to cause the fire to cease Maj. Bagley was killed, Capt. S. K. Morris and one private wounded, and Col. Thomas S. Garnett's horse shot under him.

The Ringgold Battalion, Pa. Cav., engaged in a skirmish near Romney, W. Va., and lost one killed, one wounded, and one captured.

Brig.-Gen. W. T. Sherman relieved from duty in Kentucky and ordered to report to Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck for duty in the Department of the Missouri.

Nov. 13-15.—Capt. H. P. Hawkins with his independent company—Missouri Cavalry—visited Doniphan, Mo., and went within six miles of the State line and returned to Patterson, Mo., 10 miles north of Greenville, on the 15th. He reports the capture of the lieutenant in command of the pickets at Doniphan.

Nov. 13-18.—Col. Dodge, commanding post of Rolla, Mo., reports a scout through Texas and Wright Counties by a detachment of 22 men of Capt. S. N. Wood's Rangers under Serg't Aylesworth. Four of the party, under Serg't Adams, while attempting to arrest a notorious rebel named Pitcocks, were resisted by 18 armed men, and a sharp contest ensued, resulting in the killing of nine and capture of six. Serg't Adams was wounded. The detachment brought in 17 prisoners.

Nov. 14.—A Confederate battery at Cockpit Point, Va., opened fire upon a schooner becalmed opposite the mouth of Mattawoman Creek. The crew of the schooner deserted her, when she was boarded by a party of Confederates and set on fire. A detachment from the 1st Mass., under Capt. Edward A. Wild, extinguished the fire and towed the schooner beyond the reach of danger.

An expedition under the command of Brig.-Gen. Henry H. Lockwood, U. S. Army, was sent through Accomac and Northampton Counties, Eastern Shore of Virginia. Gen. Dix, in command of the Department, issued a proclamation to the people, to be published by Gen. Lockwood, stating that the object of the advance of his troops is to maintain authority of the Government, to protect the people, and restore commerce to its original channel. The troops met no opposition. On the night of the 15th a force of Confederates, said to be 3,500 strong, disbanded, and on the 22d Gen. Lockwood reported his arrival at Drummondtown with the major portion of his command, and that his advance troops were well on their way to Eastville. He also reported the capture of seven 6-pdr. iron guns, a limited number of small-arms, and three officers of the Confederate army. Gen. Lockwood remained in occupation with a portion of his troops. Trade was soon reopened, lights on the coast re-established, and postal arrangements and civil authority restored.

Engagement of the U. S. Coast Survey steamer Corwin, Lieut. T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., with the C. S. S. Curlew, at Hatteras Inlet, N. C.

Company F, 13th Ohio, engaged a scouting party of Confederate cavalry on the road from Fayettville to Raleigh, W. Va. Col. St. George Croghan, C. S. Army, was mortally wounded.

Skirmish near McCoy's Mill, W. Va. Union troops engaged, 7th and 13th Ohio.

Nov. 15.—Order issued by Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sherman changing the names of Fort Walker to Fort Welles, and Fort Beauregard to Fort Seward.

Brig.-Gen. D. C. Buell, U. S. Army, assumed command of the Department of the Ohio.

The Union men of East Tennessee in camp near Chattanooga, Tenn., under Col. Clift, disbanded.

The U. S. S. Dale, Commander E. M. Yard, captured the British schooner Mabel.

The U. S. gunboat Conestoga made a reconnoissance up the Ohio River as far as Uniontown, Ky., and Cumberland River, to the vicinity of Fort Donelson, Tenn. On her return she engaged a force of Confederates with one piece of artillery, below Canton, Ky., on the 18th.

Nov. 16.—Maj.-Gen. McClellan, by direction of the President, ordered that if any person within the State of Virginia shall attempt to exercise any official powers of a civil nature within the limits of any of the commands of the occupying forces of the United States, unless in pursuance of the declaration and ordinances of the Convention assembled at Wheeling on the 13th day of June, 1861, and the act of the General Assembly held by the authority of said Convention, such attempt shall be treated as an act of hostility against the United States, and all commanding officers were directed to take into military custody all such persons.

Maj. Will T. Martin and Lieut. W. G. Henderson, of the 2d Miss. Cav., with detachments of that regiment, captured one Captain, one Lieutenant, and 28 non-commissioned officers and privates, a foraging party of the 30th N. Y., at Doolan's Farm, Va.; also 120 bushels of corn, five new army wagons, and 20 horses.

Commodore Ingraham, C. S. Navy, assigned to duty in Charleston Harbor and directed to superintend the preparation and armament of the batteries for its defense.

Nov. 17.—Brig.-Gen. R. S. Ripley, Provisional Army, Confederate States, directed to relieve Brig.-Gen. J. H. Trapier in command at Charleston, S. C. Gen. Ripley was instructed to prosecute vigorously the completion of the water and land defenses of Charleston.

Gen. Trapier was assigned to duty at Fernandina, Fla., and specially charged with the defenses of Cumberland Sound.

Nov. 18.—Company H, 14th N. Y. State Militia, engaged in a skirmish on the road from Falls Church to Fairfax Court-House, Va., with a detachment of the 1st Va. Cav., commanded by Lieut.-Col. Fitzhugh Lee. Union loss, two killed, one wounded, and 10 missing; Confederates, one killed, two slightly wounded. The Confederate guide, Mr. John C. Chichester, was mortally wounded.

A number of Union men of East Tennessee were captured at Doe River.

Wagon-trains Nos. 1 and 2 were attacked and captured by an armed party of Confederates near Warrensburg, Mo.

The steamer Platte City was attacked at Price's Landing, Mo., by Gen. Jeff Thompson's command.

A Confederate masked battery at New Inlet, N. C., exchanged shots with the U. S. S. Monticello.

Nov. 19.—Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler was ordered to delay the embarkation of his expeditionary force and to repair immediately to the City of Washington.

Gen. Johnston called upon Tennessee for all the militia and volunteer force that can be armed.

Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Halleck assumed command of the Department of the Missouri.

The Confederate forces under the command of Col. Douglas H. Cooper, consisting of six companies of 1st Choctaw and Chickasaw M't'd Rifles, a detachment of 9th Tex. Cav., McIntosh's Creek regiment, and the Creek and Seminole battalion—in all, about 1,400 men—were engaged at Round Mountain, Ind. Ter., with a force of from 800 to 1,200 Creeks and Seminoles and from 200 to 300 negroes, under the command of Hopoeithleyohola, Head Chief of the Creek Nation. The Confederates lost six killed, four wounded, and one missing.

The American ship Harvey Birch was captured and destroyed by the C. S. S. Nashville.

Nov. 20.—A detachment of 50 men of Phifer's battalion, Ark. Cav., commanded by Capts. Chrisman and McNeill, lost one man wounded in a skirmish at Brownsville, Ky.

Maj.-Gen. David Hunter, U. S. Army, assumed command of the Department of Kansas.

Cos. A and C, Cass County H. G. Cav., engaged in a skirmish at Butler, Mo.

A detachment of the 7th Kan. Cav. had one man wounded in a skirmish at Little Santa Fe, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Brig.-Gen. A. S. Johnston, C. S. Army, called on the Governors of Mississippi and Alabama for all the armed men they could raise.

Brig.-Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, C. S. Army, assigned to command of Forts Henry and Donelson, Tenn.

The United States Commissary and Quartermaster stores at Warsaw, Mo., were destroyed by fire. Capt. George F. Kenedy, commanding post, says "that it was done and deliberately planned by the enemy."

The C. S. S. Nashville having coaled, left Bermuda on the 5th, and arrived at Southampton, England, on the 21st, and went into dry dock for repairs.

Nov. 22.—The U. S. steamers New London and R. R. Cuyler captured the steamers Anna and Henry Lewis and schooner A. J. View in Mississippi Sound.

Fire was opened from Fort Pickens and the batteries on Santa Rosa Island on the Confederate lines about Pensacola, Fla., and continued during the 23d. The U. S. S. Niagara and Richmond co-operated. Union loss, two killed and 14 wounded; Confederate, one killed and 20 wounded.

The Department of Indian Territory, embracing the Indian country west of Arkansas and north of Texas, constituted, and Brig.-Gen. Albert Pike, Provisional Army, Confederate States, assigned to command.

Nov. 23.—The U. S. Steamers John L. Lockwood and Shawsheen shelled a Confederate camp on the Yorktown road, about a mile from the James River, Va.

Brig.-Gen. S. R. Anderson, C. S. Army, assigned to command of the forces on the Huntersville line, W. Va.

Brig.-Gen. W. T. Sherman, U. S. A., having reported for duty in the Department of the Missouri, was directed to visit the different stations in the Department, and to report in detail as to strength, etc., and generally, all things considered, to give the Commanding General an idea of the real condition of the troops for service.

The C. S. S. Sumter left the port of St. Pierre, Martinique, and escaped the U. S. S. Iroquois, which had been off that port since the 14th.

Nov. 24.—The U. S. Steamers Flag, Pocahontas, Seneca, Seminole, and Augusta, under the command of Comdr. John Rodgers, took possession of Tybee Island, Ga.

Col. N. B. Forrest, Confederate Tennessee Cav., left Hopkinsville, Ky., on an expedition to Caseyville, Eddyville and other places in Kentucky, returning on the 5th. Dr. Van Wyck, Surgeon of his regiment, was shot and killed near Marion, Ky. A detachment of the 8th Mo., under Lieut.-Col. James Peckham, with one piece of the Chicago Light Artillery, on the transports Golden State and Lake Erie No. 3, accompanied by the gunboat Conestoga, reached Caseyville on Dec. 1, the day after Forrest had left. Col. Peckham returned to Paducah on the 2d.

Skirmish at Lancaster, Mo. The 1st N. E. Mo. engaged.

The Cass County H. G. Cav. engaged in a skirmish at Johnstown, Mo.

Nov. 25.—Capt. Anson Stager, A. Q. M., was assigned to duty as General Manager of the Government telegraph lines.

The Confederate Secretary of War issued the following instructions to the military officers in command in East Tennessee in relation to the prisoners taken by them engaged in the "Revolt of Unionists in East Tennessee": "1st, all such as can be identified as having been engaged in bridge-burning are to be tried summarily by drum-head court-martial, and, if found guilty, executed on the spot by hanging. It would be well to leave their bodies hanging in the vicinity of the burned bridges; 2d, all such as have not been so engaged are to be treated as prisoners of war." * * *

Maj.-Gen. Halleck was appointed and commissioned by the Governor of Missouri Major-General of the Missouri State Militia.

The C. S. S. Sumter captured and boarded the ship Montmorency, of Bath, Me.

Nov. 25.—The U. S. S. Pawnee, Comdr. P. Drayton, accompanied by the Unadilla, Pembina, and Coast Survey steamer Vixen, made a reconnoissance of St. Helena Sound, S. C., and adjacent waters, returning on the 28th.

Nov. 26.—Cos. F and M, 3d Pa. Cav. (four officers and 94 men), engaged in a skirmish near Vienna, Va., with a detachment of the 1st N. C. Cav. (18 officers and 140 men). Union loss, one killed, six wounded, and 26 captured; Confederate, no casualties.

The U. S. steamers Flag, Savannah, Augusta, Seneca, Pocahontas, and Florida exchanged shots with the Confederate squadron (three vessels) in Tybee Bay, Ga.

Co. E, 7th Kan. Cav., lost one man killed and one wounded in a skirmish at Independence, Mo.

Favors the Zone System.

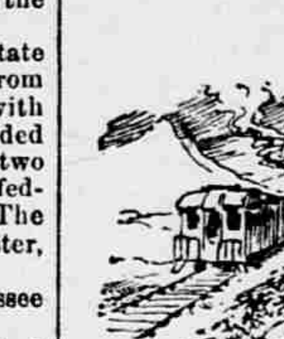
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In last week's NATIONAL TRIBUNE I noticed your comments on the success of the Zone system. The adopting of that system by the railroads of this country would prove a great blessing to the people, and that it would be a great financial success for the railroads there can be no question. The P. C. C. & St. L. R. R. charges from here to Knightstown, not quite three miles, 15 cents; from here to Dunreath, about two miles, 10 cents. More than 20 years ago I advocated the idea that railroads should be compelled to issue mileage tickets, good until used, going or coming, at the pleasure of the holder, on any part of the road for 100 miles, not over one cent per mile; for shorter distances say about one and one-half cent per mile.—JUSTICE, Ogden, Ind.

Would Not Defend Their Flag.

At Bower Hill, a mining town a few miles from Pittsburg, on the Pan Handle Railroad, on Monday, July 4, 25 Hungarians, Poles, and Germans gathered in the public square and hoisted an Anarchist flag. The men began cheering and singing songs insulting to Americans. Twenty American miners, forming themselves into a company, armed for action, marched to the square. When the Anarchists saw them coming, they fled to the woods, leaving their flag. The American miners tore the red flag down, trampled it in the dust, and ran up the Stars and Stripes.

A HUNT TO DEATH.

A Beautiful Nihilist's Contrivance to Elude Justice.



I HAD settled myself in my corner and the train was already swinging at a good pace down the "Golden Valley" before I noticed, first, that I was not alone, and, second, that I was not in a smoking compartment.

My fellow-traveler was a lady, clothed from head to foot in a traveling ulster with a deep cape, and closely vailed. I wanted a smoke very badly, and so I ventured to ask her if she had any objection.

Imagine my astonishment when, instead of replying to my question, she sobbed out something utterly incoherent and burst into tears. This was startling enough, but when I saw that she made no attempt to take out a handkerchief to dry her eyes, but simply sat still with her hands folded under her cape, surprise very quickly gave place to bewilderment.

In such a situation a man does not reason; he simply acts on instinct.

In a moment I was at the other end of the carriage begging her in a clumsy, masculine fashion to tell me what was the matter with her. For an answer she suddenly parted her cape, and held up two tiny clasped and daintily-gloved hands. As she did so, I heard the clink of steel, and something bright shone in the lamplight.

My fair traveling companion was handcuffed!

Before she attempted any explanations, she opened her right hand, and showed me one of the regulation screw-keys which alone will open the steel bracelets that restrain the exuberance of the unruly or dangerous criminal.

"Please unlock these horrible things for me, and then I will tell you everything," she said, and the request was supplemented by a beseeching glance from a pair of tear-dewed eyes to whose witchery many an older man than myself would have succumbed.

I took the key, and after a little fumbling about the strangely-contrived locks, set free the dainty little hands that were stretched so appealingly towards me.

Not knowing exactly what to do with the handcuffs, I slipped them for the time being into the side pocket of my ulster.

As soon as she got her hands free she unbuttoned her ulster, and threw it back a little. As she did so, I noticed that she wore a strikingly curious brooch at the neck of her dress. It was formed of two thick gold serpents, coiled as if ready to spring, with their heads thrust forward side by side, and their emerald eyes gleaming with an unpleasantly life-like expression.

It was a pitiful tale, and to a great extent one which the newspapers have of late years made all too commonplace. Forced by social and pecuniary considerations into a marriage with a man old enough to be her father, and possessing no single taste in common with her, she had, under sore temptation, broken her forced troth, and fled from his house.

Too proud to follow her himself, and yet mean enough to punish her by making her submit to an unheard-of-indignity, he had put a private detective on her track, told him she was tainted with a dangerous mania, and given him strict orders to bring her back to London, when caught, handcuffed like a felon.

The detective, when he overtook her at Hereford, had given her a letter from her husband in which he told her that if she did not submit to his instructions he would prosecute her for stealing one or two articles of jewelry—the brooch that she was wearing among them—which she had unwittingly taken away with her in the hurry of her flight. To avoid the disgrace and public shame, she had submitted to the brutal but private tyranny of his revenge.

At Gloucester her escort had got out to telegraph to her husband to meet them, and had lost the train through a porter telling him that the stop was five minutes instead of three, and she had just seen him run on to the platform as the train left the station.

As she looked round the carriage in which she now found herself free, but shackled, she saw the key of her handcuffs, which must have fallen from his ticket-pocket as he jerked his overcoat on. She tried hard to open the locks, but of course had been unable to do so.

Didcot and Swindon were passed as she told her tale; we conversed upon the strange occurrences of the night, and the only stop before Paddington was now Reading. Here my traveling companion decided to leave the train, as by no other means could she avoid running into her husband's arms at the terminus.

Despite her gentle, winning manner, I felt instinctively that persuasions would be useless, and so I opened the door, got out, and helped her to alight from the carriage, and with a few murmured words of repeated thanks she was gone.

When I got back into the carriage I lit a cigar and lay back on the cushions to think over my adventure. By the time the train drew into Paddington I had exalted my beautiful unknown into a heroine of romance, and, I regret to say, myself into something like a knight errant of the days of chivalry.

* * * *

"This is it, twelve-ninety. Are you there, Fred?" The train had stopped, and a lamp flashing into the carriage woke me up from my day dream to hear these strange words, and to see a couple of men in police uniform and a railway inspector peering into the compartment.

"Hullo! This must be wrong; they aren't here, and yet this is the right number. Excuse me, sir; how far have you come in this carriage?"

"From Stroud," I replied, a bit dazed by drowsiness and my strange reception.

"Have you come all the way alone?"

Some mad idea connected in a confused way with the beautiful woman whose soft, clinging clasp I could still feel on my hand, stopped the truth that rose to my lips, and instead uttered the foolish lie:

"Yes; I have been alone in the carriage all the way."

A moment later I would have given all I possessed to have recalled my words; for, as I uttered them, the railway inspector turned his lamp under the seat opposite to me, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Good heavens! what's that?"

My eyes followed the glare of the lamp, and I saw the toe of a man's boot on the floor of the carriage a few inches back from the front of the seat.

A minute later and the corpse of a somewhat undersized man, whose face was still drawn in the agony of a violent death, was dragged out, lifted up, and laid upon the seat.

Of course I spent the night in the cells; for if I could have procured bail to any amount it would not have been accepted.

Not only was I charged with the most terrible of all crimes, but the charge was supported by prima facie evidence that looked practically conclusive. The handcuffs had been found in my pocket, and I was accused of procuring the escape from justice of the notorious Marie S——, the wife of a member of the Nihilist Inner Circle, then serving a life sentence in Siberia.

No fewer than four murders had been traced to her, and now I was charged with complicity in a fifth, that of a well-known English detective who had sought to make a brilliant coup by taking her alone.

She seemed to have the power of fascinating men with her beauty till they became her slaves, and then striking them dead by some terrible and mysterious agency that left no trace save death behind it.

Once she had actually been seen to use this horrible power, whatever it was. A wealthy young Frenchman, whom she had enslaved in Paris for political purposes, escorted her home from the theater one evening, and was seen by her maid to lean forward to admire a curious brooch she wore as he took his leave of her in the salon.

As he did so Marie drew herself up a little, and suddenly the man uttered a choking scream and fell back writhing to the floor. The horrified girl fell down in a fit, and when she recovered the murderess had vanished and left no trace behind her.

There is no need to dwell on the horrors of the time that followed my arrest. Everything that money and skill could do for me was done, but I was committed for trial on the circumstantial evidence to answer the charge of murder.

While I lay in jail awaiting my trial the search for Marie S—— became an absolute hunt to death.

Despite all this, so perfect was her skill in disguise and so unlimited her fertility of resource that she might have evaded pursuit, after all, had it not been for one of those slips that the cleverest of criminals seem to make sooner or later.

A smart young chemist's assistant at a fashionable watering-place one evening on the pier made the acquaintance of a very pretty girl, who said that she was studying chemistry for the science and art examinations.

This turned the conversation on chemicals, and she ended by asking him to get her a quantity of a very poisonous substance, which she wanted for an experiment, and which she could not buy because she was a stranger in the town.

The chemist's assistant was a sharp young fellow, and he saw the chemical she asked for was not in the syllabus of the science and art department.

He told his employer of the occurrence the next day, and in the evening took the girl some crystals of a harmless salt, which resembled what she had wanted somewhat closely.

"This is not what I asked you for," she said as soon as she looked into the packet.

"No, you can't make prussic acid out of that, miss, but it's safer to play with," coolly replied the youth, and as he spoke, a man who had been leaning over the rail of the pier a few yards away moved silently up behind the girl, pinioned her arms to her side and held her down to the seat.

The detective called a cab on the esplanade, and the three got in and drove to the police station, pulling up the windows to avoid any possible observation as they went through the streets.

When the cab reached the station there was no sign or sound of movement inside it. The cabman got down and opened the door, and as he did so he staggered back, and fell gasping for breath to the pavement.

Inside the cab, Marie S—— sat with her two would-be captors—dead, and on the face of each corpse there was the same expression that there was on the features of the dead man who was taken out of the carriage at Paddington.

When the clothing of Marie S—— came to be searched, the mystery was solved by the discovery of one of the most infernally ingenious contrivances that ever served the purpose of murder. Inside the dress, just above the waistband on the right-hand side, were found two small rubber-ball pumps, such as are used for ordinary spray producers. From these two tubes led up to a bottle suspended around the neck.

This had two compartments, and two necks closed by rubber corks, through which ran thin tubes, which ended in the mouths of the two golden serpents coiled in the form of a brooch.

The horrible apparatus was so arranged that, on working the ball-pumps by pressing the right arm against the side two jets of vapor could be projected from the serpents' mouths. These jets when united formed what was practically a vapor of prussic acid, which would be blown directly in the face of any one within a couple of feet of the brooch, and would of course kill them almost instantly.

To the wearer of the brooch there would be little or no danger, provided she held her breath for a couple of minutes and moved quickly away, as the gas mixes very rapidly with the air, and is soon lost. In a confined space like the cab the atmosphere could soon be so saturated that it would be death to breathe it.

All this was, of course, told to me after my release, which was effected immediately after the mystery was cleared up.

CONFEDERATE ARMIES.

A New Yorker Gives Them Two Propositions to Work Upon to Increase Their Numbers.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A statement has gone abroad, apparently from a Southern source, to the effect that the Confederate armies during the late rebellion numbered only about 600,000 men, all told.

Evidently the statement is published for the purpose of glorifying the Southern soldier at the expense of the soldier from the North; but that the report is far from being true is well known to all persons having even a limited knowledge of the rebellion.

If the Confederacy brought only 600,000 men into its military service, why was it? What was the matter? Why did it not have a much larger number?

Certainly it was not a lack of men of suitable age in the slave-holding States; for there could hardly have been less than 1,500,000 men of military age in those States at the commencement of the war. Then, those conscription laws passed by the rulers at Richmond, by which it was said at the time they "robbed the cradle and the grave," ought to have added many thousands more.

The slaves could do the menial services in the army or remain upon the plantations to produce supplies; so that there was no good reason for white men to be left out of the ranks.

And besides these obvious facts, the world, and more particularly the Northern States, had been told many times and in various ways by Southern orators during the years preceding the rebellion that the Southern portion of the Republic was peopled by a race of military heroes, a race whose natural instinct was war, and whose delight it was to shoot some one or have some one shoot them. The homicides, the lynchings, and the deadly brawls of almost daily occurrence there were no doubt looked upon as proofs of the propositions of the orators.

And yet, when war came to their very doors—when there was an opportunity to shoot those whom they, or at least many of them, had been wanting to shoot, and a chance to be shot at about as often as would be pleasant—only a small part of this warlike host, according to the foregoing report, was on hand for service.

This is mysterious. The known facts in the case, the description of the orators, and this 600,000 report do not harmonize.

But assuming the report to be true, one of two things seems to be inevitable: A large majority of the people of the South did not approve of the rebellion and did not willingly help to make it a success. Or, having defied the Government and provoked a war, a large majority of the people shirked the consequences—that is, they proved themselves cowards as well as rebels.

Which conclusion do the makers and publishers of this "600,000" report accept? And which do the people of the South prefer?

Most intelligent people at the North take the first, because they believe it the correct one.

The Confederate Government collected large armies, but many of the men were forced into the service against their will. These armies fought well, and worthy of a much better cause.

But the apology for their defeat, that they were always met by overwhelmingly superior numbers, is all bosh—only so much lying. Their reputations will not be improved in any way by that kind of rhetoric.—A. HARROUN, Syracuse, N. Y.

Married at the Palmer House.

Miss Jennie Meade to Dr. H. W. Sigworth, both of Anamosa, Iowa, at the Palmer House, Chicago, by Dr. Lawrence, of Second Baptist Church. Dr. Sigworth served in Co. H, 67th Ill. The father of the bride was a member of Co. E, 31st Iowa, and fills an unknown soldier's grave in the South. The bride has carried on a successful millinery business for 15 years, which she now wishes to dispose of.

BILL FORD'S STORY.

He was Haunted by the Look and Words of His Partner for Years.

BY C. D. BRIGHAM, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DURING the war I learned the particulars of the life of a soldier which, narrated in the plainest manner, would be as interesting as any romance. I propose only to make a rapid reference to them. The soldier I refer to was enlisted into a New York regiment of infantry at Albany, but for peculiar reasons he had been transferred to the artillery. "I wanted that kind of fighting," said he. "It was the service of greatest danger, and for that reason it pleased me best." On being urged for the reason he saw an explanation would be the history of the larger part of his life, and this he proceeded to give.

"Myself and a friend, both being single, with our fortunes to make and the love of adventure to gratify, joined the grand army of Forty-Niners to California. We were full of life, and had money enough to swing ourselves into line, as we used to say. We took our chances, had the usual experience of ups and downs, and enjoyed ourselves without caring much about fortune-making at once. We followed a river into the interior, and frequently were on its waters enjoying the pastime of rowing. One afternoon when we were thus engaged a dispute about some trifling matter arose between myself and my friend, whose name was Joe Dunbar, my own being Bill Ford, though that is not the one that is born on the roll of my enlistment. We became angry without any good cause. By a false step Joe fell overboard. In my anger, while he was in the water exerting himself to the utmost to regain the boat, I struck him with the oar I had in my hand. The look he gave me, which was not so much of rage as an appeal to save him, I cannot describe. In an instant I was over my own anger, and would have given my own life to save his. He disappeared below the surface. I rowed for the shore as quickly as possible. The instant I touched it I leaped from the boat and fled, thinking of nothing but the terrible act of killing my friend. I must have made a long distance before I stopped; for when I came to myself I was among strangers, and the surroundings were wholly new to me. The remorse I felt for what I had done drove all other thoughts from my mind. Day and night, every minute, that look he gave me when he disappeared in the water was before my eyes. The words he spoke, which were, "Don't hurt me, Bill," were always sounding in my ears. That look and those words I could never get away from. I worked, I mined and got gold in any quantities. I would have given it all could I have closed my eyes to that look and my ears to those words. I pushed on from place to place with more gold than I could carry, yet burthened chiefly by remorse for my crime. I was not dissolute. I did not drink liquor to drown my remorse. I gave away my gold to those who had none. By living correctly I hoped all the time, thinking to be forgiven, that possibly I could some day do something that would purchase forgiveness. I became morose and unsociable, and was regarded as an undesirable fellow by many, as I really was, no doubt. I shunned my fellows and wandered. I was always successful in gold digging whenever I worked, which was always in secluded spots and alone, only Joe Dunbar was always with me with his appealing looks as he went down before my eyes, and his beseeching words ringing in my ears. We two were together, as we had always been from childhood, though I had killed Joe, and seen him sink in the river.

"Sometimes I would go into a mining town, and among the miners, where they were in numbers collected, a hard lot generally, yet among them men of education and ability, with strange reasons for being there, I wondered whether there would not be one to whom I could impart my secret and who could help me carry my burden. At times I would go among these men with the strange idea I might see among them Joe Dunbar, notwithstanding he went down before my eyes appealing to me to save him. More than once I thought I heard his voice in motley assemblages at night in the camp, in the gambling rooms, and drinking places—wherever else miners congregated. I felt I was an outcast and ought to suffer for my crime. Were I to confess, what would it amount to? There was no law there in those days, and I would be laughed at, and called a crazy man. Who of those which I met had not done similar things? This I would ask myself; for how true it was that crimes were frequent I well knew; and I vainly tried to dismiss my thoughts. They wore into my brain, and every moment of my life, and everywhere, they held possession of me.

"Finally I determined to return to my old home, there make known my crime, and let them do what they would with me. The thought was a relief. That which had so long oppressed me and made my life one of unutterable wretchedness was lifted from my mind. I formed my plans. I would get together all the gold I could and take passage for home. Going home would be a change at least. The thought that Joe Dunbar might be there gave me strange sensations. To be short, I sailed and in due time reached the old home among the Helderburg hills of Albany County, where my relations and friends were, and whom I found about as I left them. But Joe was not there. I was questioned concerning him. Instead of confessing about what had occurred between us and the manner of his disappearance, I felt that were I to do so, every one would regard me as a murderer. The thought that in some way my quarrel with Joe might become known was a new wretchedness to me, and I was worse off than ever. Joe's appealing looks and words were more than ever before my eyes and in my ears. I went away again and wandered wherever circumstances happened to take me. In this way I lived till the war broke out. Hearing of the call for volunteers I hastened to enlist. How eager I was for the new life to begin. We were on hand for about the first fighting, and I have been doing it whenever there was an opportunity ever since. The infantry did not suit me. As I have said, I got transferred to the artillery. I love it for its noise and dangers, especially when the battery is close up to the enemy. It would be good luck to be killed. That's my wish. It's what I fight for."

This was Bill Ford's story.

A year or more after, while the army was encamped on the Peninsula, nominally marching on Richmond, a soldier approached me. After excusing himself he said he was Bill Ford, and would like to say something to me. I remembered him and told him to "go ahead." His first words were: "I didn't kill Joe Dunbar in California," after all. He is all right and is among a lot of Albany boys not a mile to the right. I want to tell you the rest of the story. Bill stayed in California half a dozen years and came home with money enough to clear off the mortgage from his father's farm. He enlisted as I did. It was only the other day when I was down to the sutler's with some of the battery boys, I heard a voice a little way off that I felt sure was Joe Dunbar's. When I first heard his voice it seemed as though I had been struck with a three-inch shell, as I have so often wished I might be. With half-a-dozen other fellows Joe had found some whisky and was having a good time. I wouldn't have known him but for his voice, he was so changed. I could hardly command myself. To know that I did not kill Joe, and that he, after all, was on the spot was all like the opening of the heavens. I made my way toward him like a drunken man, so excited was I. When I got to him I fell down at his feet and cried out: 'Joe Dunbar! is it you?' In a second, he said: 'Bill Ford, old boy! Where've you been so long? I've hunted for you high and low, supposing you were drowned by the upsetting of the boat when I fell out of it on the river in California. So you were not drowned, and here we are once more! Come, old boy, let's take something for old times' sake.'

"And we took a drink together, and talked about the scene in the river for an hour, and of our wanderings. Joe said he was only a little angry, accidentally fell overboard, and went down in the water. When he came up he struck out for the shore some distance below. He always supposed I was at the bottom of the river. He always felt guilty for causing it. If we come out of the fight all right to-morrow we have agreed to get together again and talk over our wanderings and write the old folks at home."

They didn't get together, according to agreement. Nor were the promised letters to the old folks at home written. Some of the other Albany boys wrote that Bill and Joe both were killed in the next day's fight.

TIN-PLATE MANUFACTURES.

A Thorough Exposure of the Nonsense of the Free-Trade Liars.

The following communication from the oldest tin-plate house in the country tells the story of the tin-plate business in a very few words.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: We are at a loss to understand how it is possible for any American to claim that tinplate cannot be made here. If you were to ask him if America could produce watches, mathematical instruments, electrical appliances, firearms, silk, satin, carpets, locomotives, sheet-steel, sheet-iron, etc., he would proudly say "yes." Now take the position that America can produce sheet-iron or sheet-steel, and it will be proven that she can produce it fully equal in every respect to every country in the world. Does she produce pig-lead, pig-tin? Does she contain labor with the average amount of intelligence as found in the world? To every one of these questions the reply would be "yes," excepting in regard to the pig-tin the reply may be that at the present time the quantity produced is limited.

There are two ways of making tinplate, the pure palm-oil process, and the acid-flux process. The pure palm-oil process is slow, but it is the best and the only way by which really fine and durable plates can be made. The acid-flux process is quick, cheap, and easy.

That we may give you a clear illustration of the latter we had better take a box of IC 14 x 20 cheap roofing tin, which is composed of 105 pounds of sheet-iron or sheet-steel, an article of American manufacture, which no one will deny who has any knowledge of the output of our rolling-mills. Now what is done with this to make the finished plate? The sheets are pickled and washed, a very simple and cheap process, already done in hundreds of plants working in this country in the making of galvanized iron, etc. They are then taken to a patent machine, worked by two boys. This machine contains about 500 pounds of metal, the proportion, say, about one pound of tin to nine pounds of lead. At the present value of metals this mixture is worth less than six cents per pound.

These two boys can tin the sheets at the rate of 13 per minute. You therefore see they can finish a box in about nine minutes, and the amount of coating put on is one and one-half pounds. To arrive at the value of a box of such tin complete, you take nine cents as the value of the metal, the boys' wages for nine minutes, and add the value of the sheet-iron or steel, and the cost of cleaning it, the total being the net cost. This is the entire situation.

A country that can produce almost everything, from a pin to a locomotive, should surely be able to take the output of its rolling-mills and simply coat it with pure tin or a mixture of tin and lead. To those who take the position against the industry on account of the question of block tin, we would say that the British or Welsh manufacturers do not get their tin at home. There is no tin in Wales, and what little is mined in England is not of a quality suitable for making tinplate. All tin used in making tinplate comes from the East Indies, and London is the principal market. If we, as manufacturers here in Philadelphia, were compelled to go to the same market as the English or Welsh manufacturers we would not pay any more for our tin landed here in Philadelphia than the manufacturers in England or Wales, who pay more than 13 cents per 100 pounds freight from London; the ocean rate of freight from London to Philadelphia being only 13 cents per 100 pounds, and the only difference in cost between the tinplate made in Great Britain and America is the simple item of labor.

We do not think any American should feel very proud of his country going to a foreign country for millions of tons of coated sheet-iron or sheet-steel simply because we have never carried on the mere operation of putting the coating on the iron made here, which is as fine a quality as is made in the world.

If the prices of sheet-iron or sheet-steel, of lead, tin, labor in America are right, then the price of the product of these combined—namely, tinplate—must be right. If it is not, then they are all wrong and America should get her supplies of tinplate, iron, steel, metals, etc., from foreign countries and cease to be a producer. The thought is un-American, and in most cases we believe is entertained on account of ignorance. Very truly—N. & G. TAYLOR CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Kentucky in the War.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of March 3, under heading in your editorial column, "What a Picnic It Was," you say "It is hard to explain why the Kentuckians, who mainly served in the same climate in which they were born and reared, should have died off so rapidly, one in every five succumbing to the hardships of camp and field."

Let me give you a pointer. Every State north of the Ohio River had a Board of Commissioners and Special Agents whose business it was to see that the volunteers from their respective States were properly fed, clothed, and sheltered, and they were backed up by funds contributed by the royal citizens of their States to provide that which couldn't be forced or wheedled out of the Quartermaster or Commissary Departments. The Kentucky volunteers had none such to look after them, and had but the bare staples of the Government ration at the best of times, and if they hadn't been adept in the art of foraging one to two and a half would have been the number "succumbing to the hardships of camp and field," instead of one to five.

I well remember marching, fighting, and camping alongside of Indiana troops in the Winter of 1862-'63 who were provided with everything possible for a soldier's comfort in the field under the fostering care of that grand old soldiers' friend, Indiana's war Governor, Morton, while we poor orphans from Kentucky were ragged and tentless, and had to forage for our grub or go grubless; and sometimes the foraging was at the expense of Gov. Morton's boys, and we didn't always get off with the stuff without a tussle.

I enjoy your paper very much, and hope you will give this a place in it; and allow me to add that I do not think the boys from Kentucky ever had sufficient credit for their sacrifices. Volunteers from the Northern States had the approval, encouragement, and "God-speed" of their friends and neighbors, while we from Kentucky were cursed, maligned, and our families persecuted and ostracised by our neighbors while we were gone. There was no State bounty for an inducement there. The boys who enlisted from Kentucky in 1861 and 1862 went in solely from principle and love for the Union. They were tried in the fire in more ways than facing the enemy. They were true blue then, and what are left of them will do to tie to still.—J. D. EATON, Sergeant, Co. M, 10th Ky. Cav., Dunseith, N. D.